

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL BY THE SEA
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DAWN OF THE ERA OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY

Uttering sonorous platitudes, two vice-presidents of the United States, last Monday in Washington, exchanged courtesies and offices; a band played a military tune while thousands stood by in the rain of an Inaugural Day; and Herbert Hoover, thirty-second president of the United States, read an address announcing his policies.

Included in the diplomatic decoration were representatives of all governments except that of Russia, the only country with which the United States has no diplomatic relations.

Calling upon Almighty Providence for guidance, President Hoover stated it as his conviction that the last election had been a repudiation by the American people of the principle of government ownership.

He said:

"The American people are engrossed with the building of a new economic system."

"We ought within our lifetime to find the road to permanent peace."

"The whole world is at peace."

"We have no desire for territorial expansion."

WE LUNCH AGAIN

The second of the series of discussion luncheons under the auspices of the Carmelite occurs this Friday, the eighth, with John Gunther as speaker and guest of honor. Mr. Gunther, who has been travelling in Europe and in Asiatic Russia as Foreign Correspondent of the Chicago Daily News, will speak informally of the experiences of a newspaper man, beginning in the Caucasus and ending a long way from there. The luncheon occurs at twelve-thirty at the Old Cabin Inn; and reservations, sixty-cents, may be made by telephoning either the Carmelite, 717, or the Old Cabin Inn.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN WITH THE APPLE



Woodcut by Ray Boynton

Carmel News

ORGANIZED LABOR ON THE PENINSULA

Members of the Building Trades Unions of the Peninsula met on Friday evening at the Roseland Ballroom in New Monterey for the purpose of discussing the mutual interests of the merchants, of labor, and the different groups of the community. Mr. T. A. Work, banker and employer of labor, uttered his conviction that it is to the best interests of the Monterey Peninsula that its workmen have union cards in their pockets. "I have worked with union men for twenty-five or thirty years," he said. "These men are good citizens. They locate here permanently and settle down. We want more men of the same type."

Mr. Terry Vosburgh, construction engineer, spoke of the importance of convincing the merchants and responsible citizens of Monterey that it is desirable to cooperate with labor. Between three and five hundred mechanics now employed here do not live here," he pointed out. "These take their wages and spend them in their home towns outside the peninsula."

The unemployment situation, due partly to the increased productivity of machines, occupied the serious consideration of several speakers. In fact, the predominant urge of the evening was apparently the necessity of Labor to maintain employment equilibrium, against the invasion of the machines on the one hand, and foreign labor on the other.

There were 917,000 fewer men employed in industry, and 800,000 less in agriculture, in the United States in the last five years, due to the developments of the machine age. Estimates of unemployment in these years vary from two to four to six billion.

"It has been proven without question," said Mr. Vosburgh, "that the theory of cheap wages is all wrong. The American Plan is not only unjust, but economically unsound."

Frank C. MacDonald, president of the San Francisco Building Trades Council, spoke with eloquence and finely-rounded periods. He reminded his audience that the Monterey Peninsula has today the largest building program of any community in the state, in proportion to its size. He summarized the work of the Building Trades Union in bringing about Industrial Accident Compensation laws. He supported strongly the policy of immigration barriers against eastern labor, —Japanese and Chinese. The temper of the meeting was peculiarly like that of any mercantile or capitalistic organization, intent on preserving its group interests against those of the rest of the

world. The conclusions to be drawn from the meeting are: that it is to the interests of the community to encourage labor organization here in the building trades, for the sake of the development of a settled population with good living standards; that it is equally to the interests of labor to develop its organizations now in the face of the economic situations brought about by the machine age. It is obvious to the listener to such discussions that there is also a high value in the scrutiny by groups of the economic facts governing their situation.

IS AMERICA DOOMED TO AN IMPERIALISTIC POLICY

The Women's International League is in Carmel this winter turning its meetings into open forums for the discussion of public questions bearing upon the issues of war and peace.

A lively meeting occurred last Sunday evening at the residence of Laura Bride Powers, beginning with a talk by Mrs. Powers on The Monroe Doctrine and American Imperialism. "The Monroe doctrine is a most formidable obstacle to the peace of the world," the speaker quoted, showing how the United States had frequently interpreted this doctrine of late years,—originally announced with a manifestly different intent,—in terms calculated to advance her imperialist policy.

The use of the Monroe Doctrine to justify American intervention in Latin-American affairs, and to keep out, at the same time, other countries from protecting their similar property in similar ways, was pointed out.

An astonishing point made by another speaker, when the discussion reached the subject of American imperialism, was to the effect that in certain university courses required of teachers wishing California certification, there is taught a theory called "The Doctrine of Manifest Destiny," which has it that it is the manifest destiny of the United States to enter and to continue for a period upon an imperialist career. Students are taught to accept this fatalistically.

Anne Martin emphasized the constructive and ameliorative aspects of recent international policy toward the prevention of future wars. It is evident that if the facts of war,—that the winner of a war is always a loser; that no war ever settles a point; that the next war will be fought with weapons capable of destroying the human race,—if the facts of war become generally known, it must be exceedingly difficult to entice any people into another one.

On the eve of Inauguration Day, the League sent a wire to the president asseverating their hope that Mr. Hoover would keep faith with the anti-imperialist promises he had recently made in South America.

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

March

Tu. Lecture series—at the Parish House, All Saints' Church, at 8:00 nightly. Anita Carolyn Rouse. Subject, Prayer.

Fr. A mystery comedy,—*"Grumpy,"* Carmel Playhouse, with Cyril Delevanti. Tickets 9-10 \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Su. Divine Services—All Saints' Chapel, Community Church. Christian Science at 11:00 a.m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a.m.

Su. Abalone League Baseball,—Carmel Woods. 10 1:30 and 3:00.

LENTEN RECITALS CONTINUE

Edward Cadoret Hopkins continues with his Lenten organ recitals at St. John's Chapel, Del Monte on three Wednesday afternoons of this month at 3:30. Their programs follow:

Wednesday, March sixth:

Boellman	Introductory Chorale
Boellman	Prayer of Our Lady
Tschaikowsky	Romance
Wagner	Pilgrim's Chorus
Wagner	March from Tannhauser

Wednesday, March thirteenth:

Bach	Prelude in G
Bach—Gounod	Ave Maria
Bach	Bouree
Tschaikowsky	Andante Cantabile
Dubois	Toccata

Wednesday, March twentieth

Stoughton	Persian March
Stoughton	Nocturne
Stoughton	The Garden of Iram
Grieg	Last Spring
Grieg	Gavotte
Grieg	Triumphal March

INSPIRATIONAL

Anita Carolyn Rouse is delivering a series of talks on Prayer this week at All Saint's Parish House. Miss Rouse is a lady of many accomplishments,—a writer of short stories, a newspaper woman, a lecturer on public questions. She wishes it to be well understood, however, that the series in Carmel is neither for amusement nor for intellectual play. They are definitely "inspirational" talks. They are open to all, and will occur every evening from Tuesday to Friday of this week.

THE KEDROFF QUARTET

In January 1928 New York heard for the first time a quartet of singers who have since created a furore,—a quartet of Russian singers, men, founded thirty years ago by N. N. Kedroff. On the anniversary of their founding, a great celebration was held in the Salle Gaveau in Paris, and there were tributes from many composers who had dedicated special works to the quartet; there were decorations by the French government; there was an honorary diploma from the Russian church for their services.

Folk-song, ancient gregorian religious music, and the more sophisticated compositions of later musical periods, comprise their programs. Unparalleled earnestness and long association with each other have produced in the Kedroff's singing a richness and perfect blending of tone which have brought them unique success.

The Kedroff Quartet will sing at the Theatre of the Golden Bough in Carmel on Friday evening the fifteenth, in the third of the series of concerts this season under the auspices of the Carmel Music Society.

JOHN BROWN

At the monthly meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club last Monday afternoon, Professor Chauncey Wells of the University of California read the prolog and parts of Stephen Benet's poem, "John Brown's Body."

NEEDED...TRAFFIC PROTECTION FOR LEPIDOPTERA

Whatever the official dates of seasons, spring is here. Little seeds are up; gardens have suddenly burst into bloom; yellow acacias are bright on the trees like great fluffy yellow caterpillars.

While eastern cities break slowly through the winter chill toward earth's awakening,—manifest chiefly through the millinery shops and by way of a strange unrest in the young,—Carmel takes itself down to the sea-edge, and up the Valley,—and down to the Big Sur,—or perhaps simply into the garden, with trowel and rake and packages of blossom-seeds.

As for the caterpillars, they are bound, hundreds and thousands of them, on tremendous business, all in a great hurry. They calmly disregard all stop and go signs on the leading thoroughfares, and claim the right of way in the face of traffic. The purposefulness evident in their passage across these roadways (not to mention the nonchalance with which they walk into editorial offices and mount even to the folder marked "copy") practically requires special action by our City Council,—already so tender in the matter of trees,—appointing special traffic officers to regulate the passage of these daring creatures at the main thoroughfares.

Personal Bits

John Gunther and his wife have been guests this week of the Joseph Schoeningers, who gave an evening party in their honor on Saturday.

As Foreign Correspondent of the Chicago Daily News, Mr. Gunther has been moving about prodigiously,—Greece, Turkey, Russia, into many odd nooks and crannies of the earth. In Russia he found a valley whose people still wear armor on occasions of celebration. In many parts of Europe, he tells, the motor car is still a luxury, and infrequent. In all of Moscow, he estimates, there are probably not more than sixty automobiles. In another mountain region there was a very difficult pass down which he wished to motor. There were six cars in the town,—but only one of them had brakes, and it was a most gorgeous contraption belonging to the residing general, who thereupon immediately put it at his disposal. In some of the remoter parts of Europe where there are few cars it is relatively easy to find chauffeurs. The chief qualification for those apparently is that they shall know how to blow the horn. They blow the horn and then drive off like hell.

"You have done much for Internationalism by presenting beauty impersonally," said a Professor of Social Economics to Susan Porter recently in Geneva after she had told her Irish folk tales before a dozen audiences, including the International Students' Union.

And now from Paris Mrs. Porter writes:

"I am convinced that the advance guard of the Paris theatre,—and I've seen now the productions of Pitoeff, Gaston Baty, Charles Dullin,—have done nothing more intelligent or interesting than our amateurs have here and there in America. And except where they have money,—like Gaston Baty for a wonderful stage effect, or a marvellous actor like Ludmilla Pitoeff or Charles Dullin, they are not doing as well as we do. We in Carmel, when we are at our best; we in Saint Louis; we beyond doubt in Cleveland. Gilmor Brown's "Lazarus Laughed" in Pasadena last spring would be to me the high-water mark of Paris... had I seen it here!

"But when it comes to Russian music, at the Russian church on the rue Danou, where a lovely creature wrapped in furs gets out of her car and kisses the cheek of the dirty old woman selling holy pictures at the door; or when at the occasional performances of Russian opera at the Theatre des Champs-Elysees a huge brilliant audience leaps to its feet and cheers after the dance of the Tartar bowmen,—that leaping masculine music that we have heard so often,—why then I have nothing to say....."

The tempo of Carmel revives with the return of the drama to us by way of "Grumpy." Cyril Delevanti, director and leading man in the play, drove down to Los Angeles on Friday night after rehearsal, with Jimmie Dignan; and the pair drove back in time for rehearsal on Sunday evening. Ah, monsieur, these foreign directors are of a rapidity!

Imre Weisshaus, composer and pianist, is in Carmel for a week or two of rest and play, the guest of Fritz Wurtzman.

A babe has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rhys Williams, of Russia and Carmel,—last week in the Stanford Hospital. Rhys announces that the infant very appropriately talks like an orator and kicks like a revolutionary.

Mr. Rudolph Winter, brother of Mrs. Lincoln Steffens, has been her guest recently in a stop-off on a trans-pacific voyage from London.

Mrs. Lester Rowntree has gone off with her sleeping bag and her car and her seed collection south. "May we say you have gone peddling?" we asked tentatively. "You may indeed," she answered. "because I am going peddling." It is a felicitous choice of a life-job, this search of Mrs. Rowntree's for new plants and their seeds in the California crannies; and for the moment we can't think of anyone as having more fun than she is.

Mrs. Rowntree will stop off to see her son Cedric, a youth under twenty, who is spending the year on a ranch near Santa Barbara. "Tell us about horses," he was asked, since they are his passion.

"That's impossible," he answered. "Before I came here I thought I knew something about them. But now, please don't ask me for at least two years."

THE KINGDOM OF THE CLOUDS

Most of us prefer walking along a smooth level beach, but if mountain climbing is really as Dr. Cora Johnston Best described it at the Pine Inn on Friday evening under the auspices of the Woman's Club, let us climb mountains.

Dr. Best showed the kingdom of the clouds in a series of films illustrating the beauty and delight of mountain climbing in the United States. Her purpose in lecturing "is to sell better health, to encourage our use of our natural resources of beauty in this country, and to develop Americanism."

Vividly her pictures showed the magnificence of mountain adventure in our own country. Having illustrated a long climb, Dr. Best announced that the finale would be a luscious eight course dinner. And it was. First bean soup, and then... seven helpings of beans. Appetite flavored the dish to deliciousness.

h. k.

KEDROFF QUARTET

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MALE
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"Hollywood Talks"
—by Harry Crocker.

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SEATS \$.50 to \$ 1.50
RESERVED AT THE THEATRE
AT STANIFORD'S CARMEL 150

The Theater

DRAMATIC REVIVAL

The Abalone League opens its theatre season late this year,—but it opens it. The play is "Grumpy," a mystery comedy with a good deal of charm, humor, and delightful feeling. And its leading man, who also directs it, is Cyril Delevanti, the Englishman who recently played in Charlie van Riper's comedy. He comes most recently from Salt Lake City, where he directed the fortunes of a little theatre. Before that he was acting professionally in London and New York; and was assistant production manager with Douglas Fairbanks in the making of Don Q. He played the part of "Grumpy" in Salt Lake City to capacity houses.

Mr. Delevanti has interesting plans for future productions by the Abalone League, beginning with "He Who Gets Slapped." He is very much on the lookout for new dramatic material for his next casts, and is very much pleased with the material which has already presented itself to work with.

The cast of "Grumpy" includes:

Remy St. Remy
Louise Walcott
Ivy Whitworth
James Dignan
Elliott Durham
Raymond Carey
Robert Scott
Clay Otto
Eddie O'Brien
Cyril Delevanti.

ON THE OTHER HAND...

On Tuesday the twelfth the Carmel Theatre Guild will give a reading of Bernard Shaw's comedy, Fanny's First Play. Gertrude Bardarson will read Fanny; and other parts by Mrs. Heron, Miss Swain, Mr. Evans, Mrs. Teare, Mr. Watson, Mr. Roe, and others.

Owing to the constantly increasing attendance at the Guild readings which threatens to over-crowd the Guild room, the directors have found it necessary to make a charge of twenty-five cents to non-members. Admission is free to active, associate, and honor members.

FRIVOLOUS VISIONS OF
AN EDITOR ON HEARING THAT
THAT THE W. I. L. OF CARMEL
HAVE SENT A TELEGRAM OF
PETITION TO PRESIDENT HOOVER.
A PLAY IN ONE SCENE AND NO
ACTS

SCENE: The presidential dressing room in the White House. Mr. Hoover is being shaved by his valet while rehearsing his inaugural speech.

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H. H. (mumbling into the lather a little)
... abolish poverty and elevate
the... everybody free and
equal... big business...
bigger and better ideals...
business policies...

(A knock at the door. Mrs. Hoover enters, all flustered.)

Mrs. H. H: Why, Herbert, what do you think has come?

H. H. (through the lather)... inter-
national peace... living
standards... Why, what, my
dear? Not another French
poodle with best wishes from
the Dog Show?

Mrs. H: No, darling, guess again.

H. H: Perhaps another prize squash
from the Non-Partizan League
in South Dakota?

Mrs. H: Dearest, you'll never guess.
A telegram!

H. H: A telegram! O goody!
(He tears open the flap and
hands it to her).

Would you mind reading it
to me? I've soap in my eye.

Mrs. H: And it's come all the way
from Carmel, California...
(wipes away a tear) Doesn't
it make you just homesick to
think of it? (Reads aloud while
the president-elect goes on re-
hearsing his inaugural and the
barber keeps on shaving).
International League... con-
gratulations... hope you will

keep faith... in accordance
with your speech.

(H. H. lifts an eyebrow and lowers it).
Mrs. H. Bolivia... Uruguay... Argen-
tine...

H. H: Yes yes, my dear. Thank
you very much... And as
you go out would you perhaps
ask the third under-secretary
in the filing department to file
this in section S-6333, and see
that these ladies receive at
once an engraved copy of my
circular signed reply stating
that I am giving their docu-
ment my fullest possible con-
sideration?

(As Mrs. H. goes out, the president-to-be
continues his inaugural)...
"greatest era of prosperity...
dawn of new age... indus-
trial expansion... trade ex-
pansion... big business...
bigger business... bigger busi-
ness... put my trust in Al-
mighty Providence..." Then
remembering the voice of the
people, and that 30,000 radio
owners in California are await-
ing his message over their
morning grapefruit; two mil-
lion of them in Illinois are
postponing their office hours
to hear the word; and twenty
million on the Atlantic coast
are tempering their luncheon
conversation to the tones of
his voice,—he buttons a final
waistcoat button and bows his
head to the task.



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and blue Pacific...
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The Pacific Coast

Two weeks ago the Carmelite wrote hailing the arrival on the Pacific Coast of one Thomas Whitney Surette. Since then he has lectured in the north and the south,—from Berkeley to Los Angeles,—and reports come to us from a number of sources concerning the effect upon his audiences. He has spoken under the auspices of schools and universities to teachers, musicians, and people who care for "culture" in the good old-fashioned sense. And it has been marvelous good to hear him.

In this short period of time, Mr. Surette has already touched the imaginations of "the" educators and leaders of culture upon the coast, to a memory of what music once was in the lives of people, an understanding of its meaning and future possibility.

Here comes from Helen Deusner a report of a lecture of his, reflecting the vitality which his own living lectures inspire:

The Peninsula School in Palo Alto arranged a lecture by Mr. Surette there last week. He's a real "Concord philosopher,"—to share the name with Emerson and that other generation with something of the same ideal of plain living and high thinking. The beauty he hymns has a Platonic flavor; his gods are Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, Schubert, with an almost tentative praise of some of the work of Schoenberg and Honneger, but mostly an insistence on the richness and the authority of that unfailing source, folk-music. He urges us all to sing in little groups in our homes, with no thought of a "performance" (the trouble with us Americans always that we have to "hire a hall").

He sat at a piano and played some of the loveliest folk-tunes,—including the "Hush my dear" of Bach sung at the Carmel Christmas Festival; "O No, John," with its whimsicalities of tempo; and some others I didn't know but immediately wanted to sing. It is a pleasure to know that these songs are made available through the Concord Series, edited by Mr. Surette, together with Dr. Davidson of the Department of Music at Harvard.

His talk is witty and pungent; the charm of his personality gives on a happy warm feeling. He has caustic words for the un-musicianship of musicians,—the fatal facility of their fingers, their neglect of the real inner instrument which they do so little to cultivate. The "hack piano teacher" he calls a lost soul, and warns parents against them for the sake of their children.

CATHERINE MORGAN'S R E S T C O T T A G E



CATHERINE MORGAN'S REST COTTAGE

The time of convalescence from illness is often a time of peculiar difficulty. Perhaps it is simply a matter of peaceful eating and sleeping. But more often it is likely to be a time of increased sensitivity, of lessened equilibrium, of states difficult to describe and only half known to the patient himself.

What shall the convalescent do, this hyper-sensitive one, when he is ready to leave the hospital? What shall she do, this over-tired author-person who shudders at the notion of a convalescents' sanitarium, with its over-worked or over-cheerful nurses, its garrulous patients and their talk of operations?

Unobtrusive and unadvertised in Carmel, there is for these Catherine Morgan's,—a rest house of rare charm and quiet. Three doors south of Ocean on Carmelo, its entrance walk winds around to the back of the house where in the ferny patio quietness drips. There is a silence as of utter remoteness.

But it is not silence alone which gives the Rest Cottage its charm. There are many kinds of silence, as Maeterlinck has already noted, and each silence is burdened. The undertone to the silence here gives an immediate sense of well-being.

Why? Is it a simple greeting that welcomes the newcomer in, free of professional over-cordiality. And yet it is not that. The interior shows the home of a tasteful and cultivated person,—but it is not that. There are yellow blooms from the garden on the table upstairs in the immaculate sleeping room that looks out upon the ocean and toward Pebble Beach where the bay curves to the rocks with sea-foam. Neither this nor that.

But rather an ensemble of beauties and

consideratenesses which provide the total rest of the spirit which builds up bodies. Perfection literal and flawless upon a background of aesthetic satisfactions. It is ugliness which tears down; and the consciousness of beauty, which rebuilds. Miss Morgan has a genius for doing things beautifully,—with a classic sense of reticence regarding the too-much.

Having been ill or tired, one comes here to life and poise again; and the rareness of the place, one wishes again to say, is in that inner understanding its director possesses,—something not at all sentimental or verbalizable; something which, while of the highest professional finish and a great deal of competence, underlies all the chill whiteness of efficiency and causes the days here to build up the body and the nervous forces. Beauty,—beauty and understanding,—have here made us well again.

They come from Santa Barbara to the Rest Cottage of Catherine Morgan, and from Berkeley as well,—and no matter who they are, names to conjure with or lions to capture,—the privacy of their rest is respected by their hostess. Be as distinguished as you like, and you are safe from reporters and invitations while you are at the Rest Cottage. You shall dip your fork into the most subtle souffles, each luncheon prove a symphony fit for epicures; and yet while you are there, the wild rapid life of the region, the eager tempo of Carmel, shall not reach you. You are in a little island of quiet; you are nourished by peace.



STUDEBAKER LETTERS:

Dear Amy—

Things are beginin to hum in the little village by the sea... Everybody doin a good bizness... I have an awful time gettin in a few spare hours on the little cottage by the sea. Tryin my best to finish the little shack before summer Amy.

We baen sellin so many used cars sure keeps me bizi... Everytime I go over the hill to Monterey the hiway is lined with our good used cars and Studebakers.

Boss is always wonderin where we are goin to sell so many used cars but there seems to be more buyers every day... Its all due to the way our boss stands back of em Amy. Everyone of em is completely recon-dishuned and backed by the Studebaker pledge and he even lets them drive em on a five day trial plan. Ever hear of anything like that Amy?

Kinda lonsum for you honey. The little cottage will be needin you soon.

Good nite Amy,

Stude Baker.

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THE CARMELITE

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Editorials . . .

EDUCATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION

How many people in Carmel realize that in one of the largest units into which the County is divided,—a unit which disburses approximately \$100,000 annually of which they pay a large proportion in taxes, a unit whose function is the moulding of character and education for manhood and womanhood of its young people,—how many realize that on the governing board of this unit they are not represented?

On the Board of the Monterey Union High School there is no member representing any part of the district south of the city of Monterey. Yet this board has called upon to ask for bonds with which not only the responsibility of maintaining the High School, but it will soon be to increase its facilities and relieve its overcrowded conditions.

Is it any wonder that March twenty-ninth, the day of the school election, looms as a day full of responsibility for the voters of this district? There is no election to be held this year which approaches it in importance.

Few people realize the extent of the High School district, and the number of families whose educational problems are affected by the choice of those who are to serve as trustees on its board. Running along the ocean front, and excluding only Pacific Grove, from below the Highlands to Pajaro, which adjoins Watsonville, the

district runs back up the Carmel Valley, includes Corral de Tierra, Castroville, Moss Landing and Elkhorn lying in the hills east of there; in all, many square miles of valuable property.

When the first Board was appointed, there was a tacit understanding that Monterey should have two trustees, Carmel one, Castroville and its environs one, and Pajaro one. In the years that have passed since then, population centers have changed. The children of Pajaro who live almost thirty miles from Monterey, are sent to the Watsonville High School, their tuition being paid by the Monterey High School Board. More children come from Carmel, Carmel Valley and Corral de Tierra than ever were thought of in early days, and population centers have developed south of Monterey where few settlements existed, and east of Monterey in Seaside and its environs.

Now let us examine the representation of the present Board. Monterey has three trustees; Elkhorn representing also Castroville, has one; and Pajaro one. The terms of one trustee from Monterey and of the one from Pajaro expire. To those who have studied the situation carefully, it would seem that as the interest of the member from Pajaro is centered chiefly in obtaining transportation for the children of his constituents to the Watsonville High School, and as he lives at such a distance that his participation in the occurrences at the Monterey High School must be very limited, it would be fairer to give the representation to some part of the school district which is more vitally interested. Voting for a representative from Seaside, a territory that sends many children to the school, would still give two members on the Board to the district north and east of Monterey.

There are three members from Monterey itself, and none from Carmel, Pebble Beach, Carmel Valley, Carmel Highlands. This leaves unrepresented a district sending the largest proportion of children to the school outside of Monterey itself, a district paying an extremely large percentage of taxes for the maintenance of the school. Does there seem any valid reason why this portion of the district lying south of Monterey should not seek representation?

Correspondence

THE LIBRARY

In response to the article published last week in the Carmelite regarding the Harrison Collection, I should like to say a few words in explanation, rather than defense. As the writer stated, it can scarcely be termed a reference collection, altho' there are a few titles generally so considered. Also it is quite true that

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there are many volumes which are neither very rare nor very valuable, and which could be replaced without difficulty. These we do plan to have circulate eventually, but it was deemed wiser to withhold permission to take them out until all had been properly catalogued and prepared for circulation. Having had the layman's point of view on such matters until comparatively recent times, I quite understand anyone's wondering why that should take so much time, but having come over to the other side of the fence, I can only answer, "It just does."

We not only have about 2500 of the Harrison books to do, but well over a thousand from the old library to re-classify, etc., not to mention keeping up with the new purchases. In a new library which boasts a Catalogue Department with one full time cataloguer and two assistants to accession, mark, make book-cards, paste in pockets, date slips, etc., they believe 500 books a fairly good monthly average. With this in mind one can see that a staff of two people to handle the administrative and routine duties as well can hardly expect to make rapid progress. All we ask is your tolerance. We like our job, we want to do the best of our humble ability, and we believe you will cooperate with us when you fully understand just what our problem is.

—Hortense Berry, Librarian.

UTOPIA FOUND

The standardization of the American town has not yet gotten as far as the Pacific coast. As you drive down the coast highway passing from one California town through the other, the differences in community "aspirations" (if any) are extraordinarily interesting as a study. The values vary so. What is paramount in one community is unheard, and unthought-of, in another. It does after all matter enormously who and what are the leaders of cities,—the mayors, the councilmen, the Chambers of Commerce. They are ruining the California landscape; or they are working with it; ignoring it here, setting up their tawdry little filling-station towns; and there, using mountain and valley as frames for lovely little settlements.

Take Pismo, for instance,—an example of the almost total demoralization of a landscape. Some ten miles south of San Louis Obispo the highway turns from a canyon toward the sea. Some canny realtors apparently once decided to build a town there and sell it. They built it and they sold it,—and it would be difficult this side of the slums let us say of Chicago, to find a slummier, sadder, uglier nest of civic unimagination. Red and yellow filling stations alternate with Chowder "joints" and "Kosey Kottages" in desolate rows, flanked by the inevitable comfort station. It is enough to make the human spirit lie down and weep to think

that little children should grow up into this barren civilization, which has the air of having nothing to look forward to except the current movie and to hope at least that it will be a hot one.

But five miles away is Halcyon.

It is Halcyon, and not Pismo, that we really want to write about.

Halcyon is a little community of some forty or fifty souls, just off the main highway below Pismo,—a strange odd little settlement with an astounding quality.

There isn't a luxurious, and there's scarcely a comfortable, house among them all. Indeed, if you were impervious to the thing called "spirit" which so palpably, almost visible, governs here, you would say that the houses were drab little shacks. And yet again and again through the year, down to Halcyon and up its rough sandy roads will flee from the civilization of cities, people of cultivated minds and tastes,—for a day or a week in Halcyon.

No, there is no inn. There are simply hospitable fine people. You become the guest of some one whose monthly budget may not stretch beyond twenty-two dollars perhaps; and never would you dare to offer payment for hospitality as rich and warm as it is rare.

The people of Halcyon are not primarily concerned with profitable production,—although there are apricot orchards, and bee hives; or apples and walnuts and squashes on their farm hillsides. If they have alarm clocks the alarms do not work. Their values would astound and shock any hundred per cent business man whose very religion is efficiently administered. It is one of the least efficient; one of the finest and rarest; one of the happiest communities, one can find.

These people are of course mystics. They are living,—but unsentimentally and unostentatiously,—within a reality so rich that they can well afford to ignore the comforts, the "amentities" of life. They are the opposite of the type produced by a machine age. And there are therefore among them individuals who have developed their intuitive powers to a strange degree.

Ella Young, the Irish poetess, sits on the doorstep of her cabin on a sunny morning in Halcyon, and tells of strange knowledges. Children understand her deeply; the common intellectual is too much overlaid with incrustations of logical habits. She is like a seer; she feels her knowledges through the symbols which outward life presents. She lives within a reality so intense (and probably so true) that the reality in which most Americans live can be compared to it as the empty carapace of the living animal who has already left it behind.

John Varian; Borghild; Lottie Ferguson the stout little tailor's wife; Clem the

handy-man,—all of these and all of Halcyon give forth something almost like a glow as you meet them on the path that crosses the big field. And eventually the path has the glow, once they have passed over it. Absurd to state it so,—yet it is for the sake of this unbelievable quality in Halcyon that people come here.

There are theosophists here, and a temple,—but it is not that which causes it all. It is a quality as universal as light. Can it be a climatic thing,—the radiation at Halcyon of forces from the earth which produce a human type of unusual harmoniousness and serenity,—as the climate of Carmel by contrast produces in its inhabitants over-stimulation and cerebral scintillation?

Perhaps the climate shared with Oberammergau and Nazareth in Judea some essential factor. For the faces of the people of Halcyon, free as they are from anything of photographic prettiness, have the serene brows, the eyes, of such people,

to such a degree that when slowly the horse and buggy of Cheatham the goatherd (who is also a composer, a friend of Henry Cowell, and an accomplished organist) rise over the hill, and the face of this uncouth peasant, with its walrus-mustaches, peers out under his old cap, you find yourself acknowledging there a beauty, an acute beauty of brow and face and inner being, such as is not seen in cities, such as is seldom seen anywhere. Not anywhere in California,—from the luxuries of Hollywood and the refinements of Santa Barbara to the centers of modern art in San Francisco,—has this writer come upon anything which could as truly be called a "culture," as in this little town of Halcyon,—a culture which neither the alleviations of the machine age on the one hand, nor the sophistications of the arts on the other, have served.

It is the culture of the clay somehow made luminous.

There is a miracle in that. —p. g. s.

Poems . . .

POETRY

Cool springs, honey of quiet,
Peace sudden in shadows, in light
Brimming the eyelids . . . the heart-beat . . .
What is this magic? we ask, being
Athirst, again, never surfeited.

No price here, penniless . . . given as song
To birds, water to rocks where springs lead.
No reward, faithful. But bird of fey,
Sea-breath, broom-scent, echo
Of all old music, memory, joy without cause.

What can you say to us, Love? And you,
Passion, perfume of youth? And you . . . you . . .
Death, feared beautiful stranger? Speak in words
Known before time, again. Speak again, Silence.
We have heard, and laughed; we have listened, and wept.
—Ellen Janson Browne.

REVELATION

Like light upon your sleeping face
I saw the essential self revealed,
The print of the unearthly race
Whose secret you would never yield.

O, from this candle of my eyes
No burning drop of tribute fell!
I could be still, who had grown wise
From dreaming on a miracle.
In peace as deep and luminous
As yours I lay . . . and saw the sky
Whiten with stars, and over us
The strangeness of the night go by.

—Ellen Janson Browne.

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The Arts . . .

PLAINT

Now that he has gone, and we have admitted the magnificent virtuosity of the man, may we rise up together in protest against the program of the pianist Brailowsky here?

Mightily he plays. The power and control of his hands at the keyboard gorgeous to observe. Tone and timbre magical. All of this and more.

But the program. The program!

It was all very well in the old days perhaps for Rubinstein and Hofman to play a group like the Chopin group. But there are differences between the music which endures and that which has not endured. Will the Bach, the Toccata and Fugue in D minor ever die? And by the same token, are not the Chopin Triviatas,—the Waltzes, the Mazurka, dead as the costume fashions of 1900? Their feminine coquetry, their tricks of charm, lasted for two generations, and then became unendurable, as Victorian furniture and houses are unendurable,—not because they are old, but because greatness and universality were not in them.

Bach, the great Johann Sebastian, remains timelessly,—not because of any better or worse, any good or bad, in music,—but because his music deals with that which is at the very heart and center of man. Not his great skill, not the vast intellectuality, of the composer, keep his music permanently young and universal; but the breadth, the depth, the height of the man.

EDWARD WESTON'S WORK

Concurrent with the production of Grumpy this week is the exhibit of the photographic art of Edward Weston at the Carmel Playhouse. Characteristic of all his work is its intensity. He catches the portrait sitter at the characteristic moment of intensity for him. They are often not like portraits at all; they are most atrociously like people.

Much of Weston's work has been done in the brilliant sunlight of Mexico and Mexico City. There he has felt the vitality of the national spirit,—the fire, the smouldering emotional life, the languor. His camera catches the head of a soldier as he fires a pistol from his belt,—and the resulting picture blazes out with vitality. But if he chooses instead the photograph of a shopful of Mexican pots, or the machinery of an oil refinery, or just a gourd on a woven mat, the picture will still blaze. But this time it is with the simple and direct life-joy of the artist himself.

Edward Weston would have been an

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artist whatever the medium chosen. It is irrelevant to ask whether photography can be an art. The medium does not matter; the passion, the life-attitude, the interior sensitiveness, of the creative being,—these matter, and make a medium for beauty of any material.

PHOTOGRAPHY—A WAY OF SEEING

By Edward Weston.

Photography in America is in a sadly anaemic condition,—only a few strong figures outstanding. Generally speaking, the stage has been held by dextrous technicians who depart as far as possible from photographic quality: or on the other hand by those who think photography an easy way to release and expose their excess personal emotions or aspirations. They could not do so with such an honest, direct, uncompromising medium without resorting to tricks,—diffusion of focus, manipulation of prints, or worse, recording of calculated expressions and postures.

Hundreds of tired business or tradesmen, and idle women, play with photography as a holiday hobby,—then offer their results as "art"!

Opposing this facile approach is photography free from technical tricks and incoherent emotionalism. The finished print is provisioned on the ground-glass while focussing, the final result felt at that moment,—in all its values and related forms: the shutter's release fixes forever these values and forms,—developing and printing becomes only a carrying on of the original idea.

Those who feel nothing, or not completely at the time of exposure, relying upon subsequent manipulation to reach an unpremeditated end, are predestined to failure.

Nothing can be transmitted to another, unless an original problem has been felt, conceived and solved: not a trivial problem of clever decoration or personal ego, but the recording of the very quintessence and interdependence of all life.

Vincent Van Gogh wrote: "A feeling for things in themselves is more important than a sense of the pictorial."

Photographers take note!

With a medium capable of revealing more than the eye sees, "things in themselves" could be recorded, clearly, powerfully: but instead these "pictorial" photographers resort to impressionistic blur.

Impressionism is skepticism, it puts what one casually notices above what one positively knows.

Not to interpret in terms of personal fancy, transitory and superficial moods, but to present with utmost exactness,—this is the way in photography,—and it is not an easy way. Vision, sensitive re-

action, the knowing of life, all are requisite in those who would direct through the lens forms of universal appeal,—universal, being parts of an organic whole, forms from out of nature,—maybe only a fragment, but indicating or symbolizing life rhythms.

I have written of photography as, "direct, honest, uncompromising,"—and so it is when used in its purity, if the worker himself is equally sincere and understanding in selection and presentation. Then it has a power and vitality which moves and holds the spectator. There can be no lie in such photography. No human hand of possible frailty has in the recording lessened its pristine beauty, nor misrepresented its meaning, destroying significance.

A once well known photographer stated why photograph at all? The artist of as an argument for controlled or manipulated prints that photography needed the vitalizing influence of the hand. Then brush and pallet has a trained hand with which better to execute and express. Photography has, as already indicated, intrinsic value and use, apart from any other medium.

I have allowed the word "art" to enter in. In this day of ever changing values, it is immaterial whether or not photography can be labelled art. It is of our day,—we understand, respond to and need photography as a vital contemporary expression.

But for the sake of argument,—the difference between good and bad art in any medium or of any age lies in the creative mind rather than in skill of hands. The way of seeing is what counts and what is conditioned by the artist's attitude, not by his skill as craftsman. Given a big enough artist and he will make himself a consummate craftsman better to express his thought.

CARMEL ARTISTS ON VIEW

The Carmel Art Gallery is holding an exhibit of a rather vital group of pictures by Carmel artists, and the room is warm with color. "I am a Red," Isadora Duncan once said to an audience facing her in Carnegie Hall. "Most people are gray."

The paintings shown here are full of vividness,—the Lobos of William Watts on the west wall perhaps setting the key for the whole. George Seideneck shows a compelling character portrait. Miss I. M. Curtis has a little Japanese girl of a good deal of subtlety and whimsicality. Catherine Seideneck's work is as often full of mystic color softness.

The Carmel Art Association plans a black and white exhibit for its next; and a showing of modern foreign posters is promised after that. When Carmel varies its local exhibits with showings of the work of the rest of the world (we are amazingly insular here) it will have pushed out its horizons considerably.

7 ARTS

New Books by Carmelites:

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Sports

RED HOT BASEBALL

No afternoon of the Abalone Sundays has been as exciting as the last one. The Tigers played the Crescents, and the Shamrocks battled the Giants. Both games were nip and tuck all the way. First one team would make a bunch of runs aided by the errors of its rivals; and in the next inning the compliment would be returned. The Tiger-Crescent game went into extra innings, two of them, and in each both sides scored. But the Tigers (well named from the way they are eating up the rest of the League) won.

The Shamrock-Giant game was featured by having the first triple play within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The Shamrocks had a man on first and second; they both started with the pitcher's arm; and Sheridan smashed a screaming liner at John Thompson that nearly knocked him over. But he hung on to the ball, relayed it to first by way of second, and the rally was over before the stunned Shamrocks realized it had started.

The crowd was the largest of the season, and the ladies at the refreshment booth were kept busy. Captain Kit Cooke announced that profits from the refreshments will go toward the purchase of athletic equipment and new furnishings for Abalone Hall; also that physical culture classes will be formed as soon as necessary apparatus is installed, and a cordial invitation extended to all of Carmel to join.

Next Sunday at 1:30 and at 3:00 friendship ceases in Carmel Woods.

COMPACTS

By The Stroller.

Nice morning, just right for walking. Decided to walk to the post office and save twenty-two and a half cents for gas.

Saw Paul Flanders hurrying. Paul Flanders always hurries when walking. He must have many impatient customers for his charming Fields.

Saw Ernie, Paul's partner. Ernie never hurries, not even when running bases. Ernie is an excellent mixer, tho, they say. Perhaps that is why he's Paul's partner.

Chatted a few chats with our newest Honorable,—and he told me about his legislative work. I've believed for some time that Ray would make a better Senator than Assemblyman. They need something besides lawyers in that blessed body.

Don't like the red brick trim in Bob Leidig's building. Otherwise I'll stamp

approval.

Nice friendly dog in a car wagged and grinned; thus earned a pat and a little scratching behind the ears where flees gather. He was very grateful and wanted more, but I couldn't stay as I expected important mail.

Barney Segal looms up and we discuss the future of Carmel,—with side remarks on real estate,—until I find myself quite out of cigarettes. A dash to El Fumidor for a smoke and my paper. I discover it is Wednesday, and I hoodwinking myself with Tuesday.

Suddenly remembered my telephone bill. Paid it and am safe for another month.

I stroll around to Doc Staniford's to talk baseball. (Why do we insist on calling druggists 'Doc'? Is it because they know so much about medicine, or is the joke on the M.D.'s?)

Stan is full of last Sunday's game. Tells twice about his shoe-string catch of a ball. He insists, in spite of my protests, that he was running like a ten-second man and skinned his knuckles on his shoes as he caught the ball. I offered to bet him that he couldn't walk slow and get his finger-tips below his knees. He wouldn't bet, but his look as he went back to roll pills and put arnica on his knuckles was worthy of By Ford in his heavy moments.

Discovered gas selling for seventeen cents. Sorry I didn't take the car.

Home for lunch. Mate asked for the mail, "No mail I'll go back this afternoon and try to remember to look in the box."

ZOXOIMINADABQQQ

Under the head of "Inspiring Lectures" our esteemed contemporary The Pine Cone this week prints a list of the lecture subjects this week at the Parish House of All Saints' Church as follows: "Friday on 'Inspiration'; Saturday on 'Abandon'; Sunday on all who are ETAOIN ETAOINMB."

We are going to hear that one on Sunday to find out if it is a new illness, or one of the countries belonging to the League of Nations.

PEGASUS WITHOUT APOLOGY

The difference between the religionist and the artist is that the first is seeking peace while the artist wants life. Peace and certain experiences of life are as unlike as ice and flame. That is why the artist and humanity at large will fail to come to terms of understanding until people cease trying to force the artists to conform to commonly accepted and sanctified standards of feeling and expressions. The religious devotee, for example, seeks inward and often outward escape from the painful facts of life through resignation to "God." (I put the word "God"

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in quotations because it is merely a vocable signifying the vast unknown cause of phenomena to which the artist may give quite another name,—beauty, for instance.) The artist seeks escape from nothing. He faces life—its ecstasies, its grey monotones, its griefs—not with the preconceived notions of philosophy or religion but with an impassioned question. He accepts nothing except that life is.

A throbbing river of nature and humanity daily and nightly pouring out of an invisible somewhere, life is to the artist a cause of constant excitement. Talk to the artist about the blessedness of being at eternal peace with everybody and everything, and he will admit, dubiously, that peace is good; but you will discover nothing can induce him to accept it in any continuous quantities. To the artist continued peace is a soporific that administered to his emotions in large doses means the final death of his art; for art, to be true to itself, must be the essence wrung from the core of a human experience at white heat. Without that white heat art drops into mediocrity.

Every artist instinctively knows this. He is at war with conventions. He is at war with formulated philosophies and religions. The artist must have feeling at any cost. It is the medium through which he experiences life. He would crush the juice of life from the fruit; he would savor to the full the racy bitterness of it, the shapeness, the sweetness hidden in every morsel, for he knows that from his moments of keen living he will extract a few precious drops of liquor.

The artist is not interested in too much safety. Indeed, he is deeply fascinated by danger. And, above all, he is not seeking escape from life animated by the simple "pleasure-pain motif" that urges on the worm from the eaten to the uneaten edge of the leaf; the motif that, I submit, has been the spur behind the formulation of all exactly defined metaphysics, moralities and philosophies. The exodus from pain to pleasure cannot be the aim of the artist's existence. Through the sensitive operation of his imagination the scope of the artist's sensation is constantly expanded to include both the eaten and uneaten edge of the leaf.

The artist values his hunger above its satisfaction. You will find poets often praising with guests, not fulfillment, but desire.

Note Edna St. Vincent Millay in her poem "Feast":

I drank at every vine,
The last was like the first;
I came upon no wine
So wonderful as thirst.

The artist knows that only to thirst comes the full tasting of the drink, only to hunger the keen tasting of the bread. And he must drink with zest and eat in hunger whatever the cost may be.

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You who know the Chocolates Kratz will be delighted to learn of a two pound assortment of these rare chocolates that may now be had at the Special pricing of \$5.00

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This Gift Box, formerly known as the Red Seal assortment, is the one that first made the name of Kratz famous. Write or telephone your orders to...

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The Carmel Bakery

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LIMA BEAN BREAD
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There's not much
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Scenic home sites
large or small
at Carmel Highlands
or elsewhere



**Carmel Development
Company**

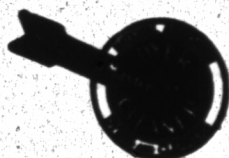
El Paseo Bldg. Carmel-by-the-Sea
J. F. Devendorf, President Telephone: 12

Furniture can be hospitable

Climax Furniture Company
Phone 80 Opposite Hotel San Carlos Monterey



**Carmel Cleaning
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Dolores near Ocean Carmel



Peninsula Typewriter Exchange
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Hotel and Cottages, echoing
the charm of beautiful
CARMEL

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REAL ESTATE BARGAINS

If you want to build on Carmel beach here's your opportunity. There is now available a plot 80x200 feet in area West of Scenic Drive and South of Ocean Avenue. It is the only thing of its kind on the market.

The last cheap Carmel business corner (80x100) is for sale today at \$2600.

We have a fine buy in a roomy furnished house in a good section; price \$4750.

A very attractive furnished home, especially suitable for an artist, \$7500.

Forty acres on the new State Highway in the Big Sur country. Redwood canyon, running stream, waterfall, stunning view; all for \$5500.

We have houses and lots in every part of Carmel at the lowest prices.

For unimproved property we particularly recommend THE MISSION MESA and HATTON FIELDS. This property is restricted to residences only. No building sites smaller than a quarter of an acre. Prices are reasonable, terms easy to meet.

CARMEL LAND COMPANY

Office Ocean Avenue, Carmel

Telephone 18

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TODAY'S SPECIALS

- \$3000.00 Delightful Cottage among the Pines.
This is an exceptionally well constructed house and a good buy.
- \$5250.00 House centrally located—close to ocean.
4 bedrooms, marine view from every window.
- \$6000.00 New stucco house.
2 bedrooms, guest house with shower bath, etc. Lovely patio
affording complete privacy. House modern in every detail—
hardwood floors throughout.
- \$10,000.00 Charming House, located among the Pines.
Excellent view—Property close in Town.
- \$12,500.00 Magnificent WATER FRONT house.
Large and well developed garden. This house has been built
less than two years and is undoubtedly one of the nicest homes
in Carmel.

LARGE BUILDING SITE on the Point, commanding uninterrupted view,
Carmel Bay, Pebble Beach and Point Lobos. Location and
price on this property CANNOT be EQUALLED.

PENINSULA REALTY COMPANY

Corner Ocean and Lincoln

Telephone 236

REAL ESTATE

RENTALS

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